

## Pink Slips

Above me there are clouds made of water vapor and milk.  
One cloud looks very much like a  
pink slip,  
with black ink seeping through the sky and rubbing onto my  
fingers and hands  
from leaning on the text too intently.  
My brother lost his job last year, and so did my sister.  
My other brother would have lost his job, too, but he died in the womb from a  
miscarriage  
before he could finish his resume.  
Mother knew he would have been the smartest, and she was almost grateful that the rest of  
us didn't have to grow up with that  
insecurity,  
knowing that he would have been too kind to lord his PHD in astrophysics over us.  
She wasn't glad that she'd fallen down the stairs and felt the fetus writhe  
in her womb, but she felt there was a purpose for everything.  
The other brother would have been fired on October 17<sup>th</sup> when the economy would have  
crashed and people stopped caring about the scientific method.  
He would have ended it the year after everyone stopped feeling the heat of the stars.